

**LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK**  
By Lee Pope

**Cake**

1  
A cake is a lovely object  
standing there ready for eating,  
Especially if its hidden modesty  
Under a thick coat of icing.

2  
When you're tempted to stick your finger  
In the icing to sample the flavor,  
O weather its luscious and weather its  
dark.  
That the time to think twice and waver.

3  
Because weather the icing is white as  
snow  
O weather its black as coal  
Lay your little finger  
Laying a round and gilly hole.

4  
Cake varies according to who makes it,  
Depending how they mix it and beat it,  
But no matter who makes it, no long as  
It's always possible to eat it.

5  
What is better than a chocolate  
Cake?  
Setting on its cake dish high from the  
ground?  
Answer: a strawberry short cake  
With whipped cream splashed all er-  
round.

6  
What is better than a cruller  
With a hole like a crystal O?  
Answer: a big swelled up doughnut  
With the hole filled up with dough.

**THE DAILY NOVELETTE**

**His Last Fare**

The starter who stood in front of the  
old Brevoort House was busy that af-  
ternoon. At his sharp whistle taxis  
came and went, one succeeding another,  
a continuous wave of them joining the  
ever-moving stream of traffic that  
poured up the avenue. And amid it  
all, stationary, a shadow of the past,  
stood a hansom cab, its old driver  
peered atop, his ancient high hat over  
his eyes, his reins lying slack and list-  
less over the patient horse's back.

For twenty years Pat had stood in the  
same place. The time had been when it  
was he who had dashed up to collect  
his fare and had trotted off merrily to  
join the gay procession of shiny black  
cabs going to many a gay rendezvous  
further uptown. For a while it had  
seemed to Pat that the whole fashion-  
able world was awaiting for him and  
his sleek brown horse to whirl it away.  
But he was living to see his world a  
faded thing at best and his golden place  
in it usurped by hazy taxi drivers and  
their villainous, reeking cars.

The starter, with a minute or two to  
spare, roused Pat from his dreary re-  
verie with:  
"Well, Pat, no business this after-  
noon—eh?"  
Pat shook his head in a weary nega-  
tive. "Our day's over—the nag's and  
mine," he answered slowly. "Tomor-  
row it's the auction room for me and  
the country for the nag and me, I  
guess. The city has no use for the likes  
of us any more; we're done for, shure  
enough."

"Too bad, Pat, old boy; too bad,"  
sympathized the starter. "It's a long  
time you've had your stand here, and  
I'll miss you. But everybody's for-  
getting nowadays; it's catchin' a  
train with five minutes to spare, or  
it's tea at the Ritz in another five  
minutes, or the like. Well, good-by, I  
must be off. Here comes a young feller  
who'll want a taxi in a hurry, I'll bet."  
Pat leaned back again, beset with  
pensive thoughts of the future, taking  
a farewell glance at his dearly beloved  
New York that was treating him so  
badly.

The young man's voice, raised in  
dispute with the starter, brought him  
back to the present.  
"No, no," he was saying, "I don't  
want any of your old taxis. They're  
all dandy and cheerful. A horse  
would be just about suited to me,  
but I don't suppose you have one  
on tap. Worse luck. Hey! that hansom  
cab! That driver looks almost as  
glomy as anything around. He'll do."  
And like an angry whirlwind the young  
gentleman entered the hansom, calling  
to Pat:

"Drive me to hell, Sunny Jim."  
"All right, sor," says Pat. "But  
without intrudin'," sor, which one is it  
you're meanin'?"  
"Oh, any place—East End avenue  
and Eighty-sixth street—that'll do,"  
snapped the young gentleman, banging  
the little half doors together.

"We're off, sor," says Pat, and they  
bined the upward stream.  
"Shure, it's a terrible way he's in,"  
he mused. "I wonder what's ails him  
now?"  
He looked back over his shoulder  
at the hotel to see if an answer to the  
young man's desperate mood could be  
found there. And in the steps, looking  
after the retreating cab, was one of the  
prettiest ladies Pat had ever seen in  
all his days of close association with  
the very best New York had to offer. She  
was speaking hurriedly to the starter,  
and they both looked after the hansom.  
Then the starter's sharp whistle reached  
Pat's ear, a taxi slashed up and the  
lady entered it.

"That's the answer, shure enough,"  
said Pat to himself, and he chuckled  
for the first time in many a long day.  
The taxi, with the lady in it, rushed  
by them. Out of the little window in  
the back Pat saw her looking intently  
at his face below until she disappeared  
from sight up the avenue.  
Pat knew every landmark on Fifth  
avenue, but on this last ride of his he

gazed at each familiar thing as if  
seeing it for the first time, engraving  
it on his city-loving heart forever. The  
huge library at Forty-second street,  
with its gilded and ornate arches—  
"God! how I love them lions!" groaned  
Pat. The Plaza Hotel, which he had  
into first place and rush comet-like  
seem: being built in the fashionable world.  
The park, with its mysterious distances  
of green—he remembered how it looked  
at dusk, when the green turned to a soft  
lavender and myriads of little lights,  
like stars, twinkled through it for mile  
upon mile.  
At Eighty-sixth street he turned east,  
leaving behind him the modern palaces  
and the park. He crossed Lexington  
avenue, then Third, then Second, Ave-  
nue A—until it seemed as if the street  
hous leading them right into the East  
River.  
In front of a little row of ivy-covered  
red brick houses stood a familiar taxi-  
cab, and at their approach out of it  
stepped the same pretty lady. She paid  
her driver hurriedly and sent him back  
toward the rushing world of Fifth ave-  
nue as Pat drove up.  
Pat's face first caught sight of the  
lady as he was in the act of descend-  
ing from the cab. He stood stark still,  
half in and half out of the cab, moti-  
onless, as if he were a statue.  
"Phillip," said the girl, laying her  
hand on the gloomy young man's arm.  
"Pat was a gentleman. His associa-  
tion with the hansom world of those splen-  
did old days stood him in good stead  
now—for he sat on top of his ancient  
vehicle looking neither to the right nor  
to the left, his hands on his knees and  
nothing. Nobody stirred on the quiet  
street. Pat, the young lady and the  
angry-eyed gentlemen were alone on  
the brink of the East River.  
"Phillip," continued the lady, breath-  
lessly, "when I saw you drive off with  
that desperate look on your face I just  
couldn't stand it, and when the starter  
at the hotel told me you had given or-  
ders to drive here—to the river—all  
sorts of horrid things came into my  
mind. I could have bitten my tongue  
out for the things I had said to you. I  
—why did you come to this jumping-off  
place, Phillip?"  
The young man's face twisted into  
a smile. "I live here, that's all," he  
said, pointing to the last of the little  
houses in the row. "You would have  
thought you were miles and miles away  
from the theatres and the shops, it was  
so quiet and still on East End avenue.  
The little red house gleamed warm and  
smug in the fading sunlight; the only  
moving thing to be seen was a big four-  
masted schooner (like Pat and his cab,  
one of the last of its kind) moving mas-  
tically up the river in front of them—  
silent and swift as the wind caught its  
broad white sails.  
Perhaps it was the unexpected beauty  
of the scene that made the girl's eyes  
fill with tears and turn her to a daisy.  
Or perhaps it was because she realized  
the tragedy of Pat and his old hansom,  
of the four-masted schooner on what  
might be its last voyage, of the passing  
of love—who knows? But whatever it  
was, it was enough for Phillip. He  
leaped out of the cab and lifted her in  
as if he had been a feather. His crest-  
fallen gloomy face was alight, his voice  
vital and ringing as he called to Pat:  
"Hey, there, old sober sides, drive  
on. It doesn't matter where—just drive  
on, and he jumped back into the cab  
beside the girl.  
"Yes, sor," said Pat, who made for  
Central Park, where he saw the green  
distances beginning to turn to a dainty  
lavender and the little lights sparkling  
through the dusk.  
"And some folks say the country  
beats New York," he mused, forlornly.  
—"St. Patrick! How we'll hate it, the  
nag and me."  
Three hours later he opened the lit-  
tle trap door in the roof. "Shure, it's  
not lookin' I am, sor," he called, "but  
how much longer do you want me? It's  
a hard day I have ahead of me tomor-  
row and it's no dinner I've had, sor."  
He heard a laugh below and—"din-  
ner, the poor old thing wants dinner,"  
came up through the trap door. Then  
the young man got out and came up  
close to Pat.  
"Say driver," he said, smiling at the  
girl who was leaning around the side;  
"we both think this is the nicest taxi  
in town. We've our own special rea-  
sons for liking this old bus. What  
would you say to engaging yourself to  
us as our own and particular driver  
at the rate of \$80 a month? Would  
that cover things for you?"  
There was silence, through which  
Pat looked at all the little blinking lights  
of Central Park and the brilliant length  
of Fifth avenue beyond. The young  
man, not understanding, continued:  
"We—and well, we like your style,  
that's all. What do you say?"  
"Good God, sor—I, well, make it  
eighty-four and I'm wid you," said  
Pat huskily.

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